"Remember this, resistance is essence, always resist, always try. Love & solidarity."

malikspeaks.noblogs.org

MALIK

ALL I fear is *NOT* fighting

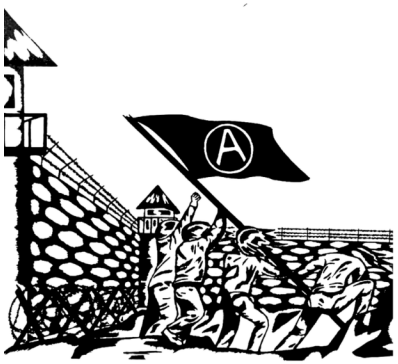
poems from prison #3

SPEAKS!

malikspeaks.noblogs.org

updated June 14, 2026

with whatever weapons at hand



After over a week without any answers, we were finally able to locate our dear friend Malik. We got no information from ODOC, BOP, or any other DOC—the only reason we were able to find them is because they were able to send a letter. They still haven't gotten an attorney call. Malik is currently being held in South Carolina. ODOC chose to send them as far as they could away from their lawyer and support base, to another state carceral system on the complete other side of the country. This is a blatant attempt to isolate Malik and break down their support system. Moving an inmate from one state system to another like this is highly unusual and represents an alarming escalation. In the short time they've been in South Carolina, Malik has been horrifically mistreated, with SCDC cutting off their hair and forcing them into an overcrowded cell where they have to sleep on the ground. They are currently being held at the Kirkland Reception and Evaluation Center (a holdover facility) and they have no idea how long they will be there before they are transferred elsewhere. Some inmates have been kept there for months and months with extremely limited access to basic things like showers and comms. Holdover life is in many ways as bad or worse than solitary, since inmates have no property, no programming, and few chances to leave their cells. We know from Casey Goonan's account of their recent prolonged holdover time at Mendoza what a toll this time can take. We don't know how long Malik will be at their current location, but we hope it won't be long. The recent escalation in Malik's treatment comes as the state has dramatically increased repression of antifascists. It's only been a couple of weeks since the verdict in the first Prairieland court case showed that the state will use torture, intimidation, and blatant lies to get its way when it comes to repressing antifascism and advancing its "Antifa Scare" agenda. Malik's removal to SC is yet another example of the state targeting them for their identity and their antifascist politics. Malik only gets two envelopes a month and has no other access to comms at the moment, but you can still write to them to express your support. Please do so.

The Oregon Department of Corrections appears to have effectively disappeared Malik Muhammad, a Black Palestinian anarchist and antifascist prisoner serving one of the longest sentences handed to a protester after the 2020 George Floyd uprising.

According to court documents, Muhammad threw a Molotov cocktail at police in Oregon in 2020. In 2022, they pleaded guilty to 14 felonies and received a concurrent 10-year federal and state sentence in Oregon State Prison.

On Monday, March 30, 2026, members of Muhammad's support team noticed something alarming: their profile had vanished from the prison messaging system GettingOut. Around the same time, their name no longer appeared in Oregon's inmate search database.

This disappearance happened in the wake of a call-in campaign to once again get Muhammad out of solitary confinement. Since then, family and supporters have been scrambling for answers, calling Eastern Oregon Correctional Institution (EOCI) and multiple Oregon Department of Corrections (DOC) offices.

They've gotten almost nothing in return.

"My name is Malik Farrad Muhammad. I'm a 26-year-old black/Palestinian pansexual Muslim (yes, hella confusing). I'm an anarchist antifascist, anti-racist abolitionist (yes, both cops and prisons) for my love of freedom! My first protest was in high school: a walkout staged after Treyvon Martin's murder. From there, I never really got active again until "Bernie or Bust" and then, of course, the George Floyd uprising. I traveled the country and organized and fought and was ultimately kidnapped ransomed and now held prisoner here at OSP. I have a beautiful son and a loving family back home in the Midwest. I'm also a veteran, I was a tanker in the army — and no, I'm not proud that I was part of the murder machine, so don't thank me for my service. I love music more than anything almost, am a guitarist and aspiring pianist, all genres.

Not much else to say except that I'm a lover of freedom, equity and equality, and will fight to my last breath for it. Unlike those who may regret a thing they did to get convicted or those who tempered their actions for fear of the consequences, I regret nothing, if only not doing more before I was caught. I will live for the people and I'll die for the people because I love the people, we who want freedom cannot rest till it comes."

"Let everything happen to you: beauty and terror. Just keep going. No feeling is final." — Rainer Maria Rilke

Love is Resistance

February 19, 2026

Under oppressive conditions, love is resistance as joyousness is not permitted. Like Palestinian hostages being released, but their families told not to celebrate or be joyful; like blacks showing unity, working out in solidarity, or sharing things in prison–food, or hygiene, or shoes. Even emphasized in the visiting room, as one of my partners came to see me, their grin bright and gleamy. Dreamy blue grey eyes, as we wrapped in each other's arms for the first time without glass between. "Brief embrace and kiss at the beginning and end of visiting!" The pigs scream. A not so gentle reminder that minus the glass, the state remains between. Never mind it, as we sit gazing into our eyes, hands locked in a tight grip. Lovely to be sitting here with you, we sing, "ceilings," our Lizzy McAlpine track we duet. We sing the whole visit through, the pigs looked confused. "Is this love?" They wouldn't assume. The state takes love, locks those ones love up, and throws away the key. With it, their humanity. So what's with this purity of enjoyment? And what's with the singing? They're having too much fun. "Can you guys just talk to each other? Your singing is a distraction," she says. Distracting who? And how? I'm confused. But I'm sorry, can you not interrupt my visit? You're a distraction. Can you not pace across this visiting room? It's distracting. Can you quit your job? 'Cause it's distracting. Can you tear down this prison? 'Cause it's distracting. Never mind that too, our love continues. So does our singing. "Can you guys quiet down?" "No," I flatly refuse. The laughter, the joy, the love we exude. This time together we use. Singing, talking. Talking politics, Chicago shit, and rocket ships. And love. Tearing to shreds the pigs and the state within earshot of–which we know you hate. And we'll sing our rebel songs and laugh loud the whole day long. It's our love, it's our joy. It's a statement of resistance as much as fact, and pure too. So we'll sing our rebel songs, for us to sing them loud and we'll sing them proud, sing them long and we'll sing them strong, 'til all the women and children are free, 'til every cage is empty, my love. 'Cause sometimes the most radical act is to love. Recklessly and hopelessly, helplessly, irresponsibly. Throwing caution to the wind, 'cause love is scornful of cowardice. To love cautiously is a coward's act.

'Love knows but one master, and that is the passion that makes the heart beat faster and faster.'

Write to Malik:

Malik Muhammed #400523
Marion 183
Broad River Correctional Institution
4460 Broad River Road
Columbia, SC 29210

After Assata

October 5, 2025

Assata said, “I’m tired of bulletins. I want bullets.” Assata said, “Tears fallen and bodies dropped, blood shed. Fuck the high road. When they go low, instead, knee ’em in the face, sprawl lower. Take their back, wrap the neck, fuck a tap out, listen for the snap. Put your ballot in the barrel of the gun, overnight express, direct action shipping. Paint the city streets with the bodies of little piggies, spelling, ‘I can’t breathe’ and say, ‘Look, see, told you stop resisting. Didn’t listen, your body’s glistening, lilac over your velvet blues, families, confused, thinking, ‘why him?’ like they’re better than you. Well, better them than you.’ Let a piggy disrespect, and I’ll gladly shoot. Fascist ain’t bulletproof. To protect and serve ’em up, like fried bacon, crispy.” None for me, though, that swine’s haram. Burnt piggies only entice me when I light a message in a bottle and make ’em catch it like a hollow, burning through like zombie tips. Painting, blue pigs, orange and red, like the sweetest sunset, the best the man can get, close to what the Creator projects at dawn. Back to where I begun. Where it all came from. I’m tired of running from bullets and later posting bulletins, like Assata said, “I want — “

Getting Back to “Normal”

October 29, 2025

Normal was traffic stops turned fatal

Arrest warrants

served with halos

poverty

job seeking

surviving

at minimum rates

certainly not

living.

No time.

Normalcy was

four year degrees

with nothing to show

but hopes and dreams.

Perhaps

a pretty plaque.

Normalcy was

immigrant fear mongering

demonizing

categorizing as “enemies within.”

Normal was

presidential bail outs and

pardons for the rich and wealthy.

Normal-see — was

bombing overseas

proxy wars with government funding

autocracy

fascist police in city streets

militarized

humanity perceived as

enemies.

Rising cost of food

scarcity

unaffordable housing

inadequate government aid

moving the

retirement

age

working into the grave

numbered

statisticized

cradle to the grave

wage slaves.

A fate

worse than death.

Mass incarceration rates

as high as

3.15

repeating.

The “American dream,” scheme

that pie in the sky

a pipe dream

the smoke

blowin’ up your own ass.

Like tryna to stop a heart attack.

You wanna

“get back”

to

“normalcy?”

See: normal.